

The Athenian Mercury:

Saturday, December 9. 1693.

Poetical Mercury.

We are desir'd to Publish this following Poem, which as well in Compliance to the Gentleman's Request as for the Diversion and Benefit of the Publick we have accordingly here inserted.

The Advice.

A POEM.

In a Letter from *Artesia* to *Chloe*.

YOU ask, my dearest *Chloe*! my Advice
Of entertaining *Strephon's* Love — 'tis this,
If you are out of Love with Happiness,
And would forgoe your Innocence and Peace;
If growing weary of the Joys of Life,
You would betray your self to endless Grief,
Then take the eager *Panter* to your Breast,
And on your sully'd Beauties let him Feast:
But if hereafter you expect to find
The present calm and quiet of your Mind,
Fly the lovely Traitor's study'd Arts
Where with he takes unpractic'd Virgins Hearts.
Ah stop your Ears and do not listen long
To the deluding sweetness of his Tongue;
For if you hear him, soon you'll to your Cost
Discover you're irrevocably lost:
Nor must you hope for Peace or Quiet more,
Since when the cheating short liv'd Pleasure's o're,
That guilted Minute is succeeded by
A heavy Chain of endless Misery.
Few Men but when Enjoyment once is past
Will sacrifice their Mistress to a Jest,
And by exposing those they have betray'd,
Condemn the ruine which themselves have made;
'Till by their boasting we are quickly grown
The publick Scorn and Scandal of the Town:
Nay *Rufa's* grown, without the Act, (my Dear!)
The common Mark of each malicious Fear.
They say, poor Girl! she's Chast against her Will,
For *Damon* had pursu'd her 'till she fell;
But when she panting in his Bosom lay,
He started up, and left the easie Prey.
But grant 'em secret, nay and constant too
(Tho' very, very few, alas! are so.)
Their treach'rous Kindness Chains us closer in,
And roots us in a known and desprate Sin.
Their Interested Silence we must buy
By still repeated Acts of Infamy.
Thus by th' unequal Change we Wretched Fools,
To save our Reputations lose our Souls:
Yet after all —
Shou'd they be secret as the dead of Night,
Nature her self wou'd bring our shame to light.
Our Conscience from long slumbers then will rise,
Which long we lull'd asleep with painted Joys;
By Sense of our approaching shame awak'd,
And all the Miseries we must expect,
Then each Commission of repeated Sin
Gnaws our sick Heart, and sticks like Darts therein.
Then we too late Repent — O then in vain
Call for our former Innocence again:

With what mean Arts must we the World deceive?
How dearly pay for what a short Reprieve?
From our suspicious Friends or Parents Eye,
With how much Pain conceal our growing Infamy?
Yet soon in vain is all our baffled flight,
Our Crime and Shame too soon are brought to light.
Some may, 'tis true, to whom their Fortune's kind,
A soft indulgent Mother chance to find,
A Mother, who perhaps in former days
Has been it'h' Oven of her Daughter's Case,
And therefore seeks her in the self-same place.
Her Shame and Sorrow teaches her to hide,
And soon some easie Husband does provide,
Who not perceives the grossness of the Cheat,
When to his Arms he takes the lovely Counterfeit:
But O what gen'rous Spirit can submit
To the mean Terms of such a base deceit?
Besides they in continual Fear must be
Lest he find out the fatal Mystery;
Which if 'tis once disclos'd expect a Change
From injur'd Love to most severe Revenge.

Then think, my *Chloe*, what a Folly 'tis
Your Virtue, all that's dear to sacrifice
For nothing but the shadow of a Bliss,
A Joy that passes like a Dream away,
But the sad sting will not so soon decay:
That, that, deep fix'd remains, and still will last,
'Till even the memory of the Joy is past.
But when the hour draws nigh when you must prove
A happy Wife, and own a lawfull Love,
Think with how just a Pride you will be led
A spotless Virgin to your Husband's Bed!
With what a full Content you'll yield your Charms
With unfeign'd Blushes to his longing Arms,
Where you may taste the Sweets of Virtuous Love,
Whilst Guardian Angels sing your Bridal Song above.

Quest. 1.

Astrea's fair, of honourable Blood,
Lovely, as Heaven can make her, and as good:
Grac'd with each Charm that does adorn her Sex,
And all, I sadly know, that ours perplex:
Beautious, as other Women wou'd be thought,
Humble and Modest, almost to a Fault:
Her, her I Love, nor burn with common Fire,
Mine is the meer perfection of Desire,
O how her sight does my pleas'd Fancy move?
'Tis Extasie, 'tis something more than Love,
Night kind to others, me affords no rest,
I feel a raging Etna in my Breast.
And yet the lovely Maid does know my Pain;
(So Heav'n knows all our wants, but oft in vain:)
Kind to each miserable Wretch that sighs,
Scarce Charity has more propitious Eyes.
Pitous, the every suffering Slave relieves,
Scarce Heaven it self more bountifully gives.
Cruel to him that loves her, and severe,
Deaf as the Winds, she lends no pitying Ear:
I've try'd ten thousand Ways to ease my Pain,
(As Men in Fevers turn and turn again)
They and ten thousand more will be in vain.
Hence vain Philosophy and all its Rules,
Prescrib'd by Mad-men in their wrangling Schools:
We study nothing but that fatal place
Where sits our Destiny — *Astrea's* Face:
There so much Beauty mix'd with Goodness lyes
As Charms the Witty and confounds the Wise:
We may urge Reason, and false Rules create,
And gravely of a thousand things Debate,
But if she comes with her Victorious Charms,
She all our Mantly Faculties disarms.

Tell me, O Phœbus Sons, stid' justly so,
 You on a double score his Office do,
 First in Resolving freely all Demands,
 Then Curing every Ill with gen'rous Hands;
 Tell me what Methods most successful prove,
 Unskill'd in the great Mystery of Love?
 Talk not of Reason, nor for Patience call,
 'Twill be but Labour lost ———
 I must have Anodynes, or none at all:
 If e're you knew't, pity a Lover's Case,
 Teach me to gain her Love, or mine deface?

Ans.

Sweet Philomel her Loss of Liberty
 So well laments, we scarce can With her free:
 Thus, O Inspir'd! forgive us if we long,
 Tho' at thy Cost, to hear thy Charming Song:
 So soft thy Numbers flow, so well they move,
 As thou at once the God of Verse and Love.
 If wrapt by these thou Reasons Laws dost blame,
 Prophets and Lovers oft have done the same:
 Yet Reason may th' officious Hand-maid be
 To Love, as well as to Divinity.
 She leads to Patience, these, tho' now severe
 May change thy Fate and meet the angry Fair.
 This way, or none thou may'st successful prove,
 Since Love it self's the strongest Charm for Love:
 Love obstinately, humbly, ne're give o're,
 'Till first she Pity give, and then give more.

Quest. 2. A Midwife somewhat stricken in
 Age having been some time acquainted with a
 young brisk Gentleman, and being deeply in Love
 with him, wou'd fain know what Method she
 had best take to prevail with him to Marry
 her?

Ans. When she can find the Art of re-
 storing Youth as well as Virginity, the great-
 est part of the Difficulty will be remov'd —
 and when that's once done, 'twill be time
 enough to give our final Answer.

Quest. 3. Whether Lying be unavoidable in
 a way of Trade? and whether it be possible to
 be manag'd advantageously without it?

Ans. O fye! what a reflecting Query is
 this on the honourable, honest, generous
 Booksellers of the whole City of London —
 to say nothing of Milleners, Bankers, Lace-
 men, nor any other of the Worshipful Budg-
 Batchelors thereunto pertaining. But to leave
 jesting, God forbid but that a Trade may
 be manag'd as honestly as any other way of
 Life, tho' if it seldom be, the more's the
 pity; and the Rules of doing it, and con-
 cerning different Prices of what is sold,
 consult our Indexes of former Mercuries, and
 you'll find large and particular Directions.

Quest. 4. What is Covetousness?

Ans. Ask the Usurers: But We'll tell
 ye what We guess it to be; 'Tis either an
 unlawful Desire of any thing that's none of
 our own, or a too greedy Delight in what
 is so.

Quest. 5. How far was the Author of the
 Antiquity of the Points a Member of your So-
 ciety? and how long did he continue so to
 be?

Ans. No farther than by that Com-
 posure, and a Letter in Explication of a
 Verse in the 133d. Psalm, as also about
 the Answer to the Question concerning
 Usury.

Advertisements.

THe true German Balls made and sold at the Ware-house of
 the Patentee, at the lower end of the Old Bailey, near Lud-
 gate, being of extraordinary Use for beautifying and pre-
 serving all sorts of Tann'd Leather, especially Boots, Shoes and Coach-
 es, being used as is directed by his Printed Papers delivered with
 each Ball. Now there are so many Counterfeits swarm in and about
 this City, he is obliged to give this Caution, That his Balls are Seal-
 ed with the Falcon and Spear to prevent Mistakes, which are so preju-
 dicial to the True Ball made by him, the false ones not answering the
 true Intent and first Invention of the Author. And for Encourage-
 ment to all Retailers, he will allow a reasonable Profit. Care will be
 taken to prevent the Counterfeits: And for an Encouragement to those
 that shall discover any of them, a good Reward shall be given by him.

ELixir Magnum Stomachicum: Or, the great Cordial Elixir
 for the Stomach; of a delicate Flavour, and pleasant bitter-
 ish Taste: Not Raging, but Cordial only; to be drunk at any
 time, (but especially in a Morning) in any Liquor, as Ale, Tea,
 Mum, Canary, White-Wine, A Dram of Brandy, &c. It makes
 the best Purl in the World in Ale, and Purl Royal in Sack, and
 in Tea, &c. very pleasant and wholesome, giving each of them a fra-
 grant smell and taste, far exceeding Purl made of Wormwood, which
 (being so hot and drying) spoils the Sight, dulls the Brain, and
 dries up the Blood: This having the Quintessence of all the Ingredi-
 ents of the bitter Draught (so much in use) in it, with many other
 excellent Stomachicks and Antiscorbuticks brought into so small a
 quantity, as that 30 or 40 Drops is a Dose; you may make it in an
 instant your self, in any of the aforesaid Liquors, but White-wine or
 Tea best, and it much surpasses the common Bitter Poison in pleasur-
 ness and virtue: This procures a good Appetite, helps Digestion and
 all Indispositions of the Stomach, or Sickness, Loathing, Nauseousness
 (especially after a Surfeit or hard Drinking) strengthening it wonder-
 fully, expels all Wind, purifies the Blood, and destroys the Scurvy
 beyond any Medicine known, with 3 or 4 Virtues more mentioned in
 the Bills sold with it, as its excellent use for those that Travel by Sea
 or Land, &c. to which Bills I refer you, to be had Gratis at the
 places where 'tis sold. Price One Shilling each Bottle.

'Tis Sold by John Duntou at the Raven in the Poultry;
 and at these Coffee-houses, Viz. Symonds-Inn in Chancery-
 Lane, at Vigore's in the Old Pallace-Yard, Westminster, Vi-
 ctualling-Office at Tower-Hill, Man's at Charing-Cross, Essex
 at Whitechappel, North's in King-street by Guild-Hall, Richard's
 at Temple-bar, Smythers in Thames-street, Will's in Covent
 Garden, Blacketts at Spittle-fields, Wells at the Postern in Al-
 dermanbury, John's in Fuller's Rents, Buckeridge's without Al-
 dergate, Hamet's on London-bridge, Brown's at Wapping Old-
 stairs, John's by the Kings-bench, Smith's at Lambeth, by the
 Church, by Mr. W. Collet. Jun. near the Hermitage, Tobacco-
 nist; Mr. Levington, Fruiterer at the Royal Exchange, and
 Tho. Howkins in George-yard in Lombard-street; the Author
 having appointed him, only (beside himself) to Sell it Wholesale,
 any Person wanting it to Dispose of or Sell again, may be there fur-
 nished, with Allowance for selling. 'Tis sold by some One Book-
 seller in most of the Cities, and in many great Towns in England.

THe Famous OYL for giving Ease in the GOUT
 (so often mentioned in the Gazette) prepared
 by Richard Stoughton, Apothecary, at the Unicorn in
 Southwark. Approved, and given under the Hands of
 their Matesties Physicians, and above twenty others Emi-
 nent of the Colledge, London, to be a Safe and Proper
 Medicine, no way hurtful, nor in the least repelling;
 it being also, by often Experience, found to be the best
 outward Application ever made use of, for removing old
 Aches, Pains, Bruises, Strains, Numbness, Stiffness, the want
 of Motion, and Weakness of any Part, (especially that
 Weakness remaining after a Fit of the GOUT) as also
 in the Palsie, and in Weakness and Rickets in Children:
 In these particulars I dare affirm no External Applicati-
 on in the World more effectual, and the fittest Medi-
 cine for those that (for some of the Cases above men-
 tioned) use the Bath or Bagno, to be applied then when
 the Pores are open. It is still Sold (with a Paper of Di-
 rections at large) at Man's Coffee-house at Charing-cross,
 Richard's Coffee-House at Temple-Bar; by Mr. Leving-
 stone, Fruiterer at the Ryal Exchange Gate; by Mrs. Gar-
 raway at the Corner of Sweetthings-Alley; by T. Howkins
 in George-yard, Lombard-street; and at the Authors own
 House. The largest Bottles 10 s. the smallest 5 s.

IN Grays-Inn-lane in Plow-yard, the third Door, liveth Dr.
 Thomas Kirleus, a Collegiate Physician, and Sworn Phy-
 sician in Ordinary to King Charles the Second, until his death;
 who with a Drink and Pill (hindring no Business) undertakes
 to Cure any Ulcers, Sores, Swellings in the Nose, Face, or other
 parts; Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Leprosies, and Venereal Disease, expecting
 nothing until the Cure be finished: Of the last he hath cured many
 hundreds in this City, many of them after fluxing, which carries the
 evil from the Lower Parts to the Head, and so destroys many. The
 Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. a Box, with Directions; a bet-
 ter Purger than which was never given, for they cleanse the Body of
 all Impurities, which are the causes of Dropsies, Gouts, Scurvies,
 Stone or Gravel, Pains in the Head, and other parts. Take heed
 whom you Trust in Physick, for it's become a Common Cheat
 to profess it. He gives his Opinion to all that writes or comes
 for nothing.